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1857. n. 35

THE PROJECTOR's LOOKING-GLASS,

Being the Laſt Dying Words and Confeſſion of Sir *Robert Marral*, &c. &c.

IN AN

EPISTLE

TO HIS

ASSOCIATES,

(Wherein he makes a Confeſſion of ſome *Notorious Crimes*, whereof he has long been ſuſpected)

Then ſhall ſtand up in his Eſtate a RAISER OF TAXES *in the Glory of the Kingdom; but within few Days He ſhall be deſtroy'd.* Dan. Chap. XI. Ver. 20.

LONDON:

Printed and ſold by T. TIBBITT. 1733.

(Price Six-Pence.)

Note, The Picture may be had of Mr. *Aldam*, Stationer, near *Weaver's Hall*, ----If offer'd to Sale by any other Perſon, they are *ſpurious Copies.*

THE

PROJECTOR's LOOKING-GLASS,

Being the Last Dying Words and Confession of Sir Robert Murrel, &c. &c.

IN AN

EPISTLE

TO HIS

ASSOCIATES.

(Wherein he makes a Confession of some Notorious Crimes, whereof he has long been Suspected)

Then Fast Fixed up in his Effate a Knave
or Traitor in the Glory of the Kingdom:
but within Few Days He Shall be de-
Proy'd. ... Dan. Chap. XI. Ver. 20.

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by T. Turner 1752.

(Price Sixpence.)

Note, The Picture may be had of Mr. ...
Aldrew, Stationer, near W Cover's Head.
—If offered to Sale by any other Perfon
they are Spurious Copies.

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Sir B- - ue S--ng's ſorrowful

EPISTLE

TO HIS

ASSOCIATES,

(Wherein he makes a Confeſſion of ſome *Notorious Crimes*, whereof he has long been ſuſpected)

Upon his being very ſcurvily uſed at certain Bonfires at Temple-bar, Guild-Hall, Briſtol, Coventry, *and divers of the greateſt Trading Towns throughout the Kingdom.*

I.

WITH heavy Heart and trembling Hand,
I poor Sir B- - ue S- - -ng, Knight,
Write this, to let you underſtand
My ſad and woeful Plight;
The falling Tears my Paper ſtain,
And endleſs Cares diſtract my Brain,
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

II.

Which way ſoe'er I turn my Thought,
Small Comfort can I find;
For *thoſe*, whom oft before I've *bought*,
'Gainſt me are *now* combin'd;
Ev'n *Bribery* will *not avail*,
My *Penſioners* themſelves *turn Tail*,
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

III. What

III.

What *curſed Planet* rules of late,
To cauſe this Alteration?
I cou'd preſage no better Fate,
From *modern Reformation*;
If *Honeſty* once *gets the Day*,
I, and *my Tribe*, muſt *run away*,
With a *Fa, la*, &c.

IV.

Long Time this Storm I have foreſeen,
And, to divert the ſame,
Wou'd *M--cc--ſf--ld* no longer ſcreen,
But gave him up to Shame;
So Mariners, to ſave the Ship,
T'amuſe the Whale, a Tub let ſlip,
With a *Fa, la*, &c.

V.

Next *D--s B--nd*, with *Archy Gr--nt*,
And *S--tt--n* Victims fell;
Then, hoping they no more wou'd want,
I let them *Bl--rch* expel;
J--ck E--l--s had been ſurrender'd too,
But that *too much* of me he *knew*,
With a *Fa, la*, &c.

VI.

I thought, when theſe I'd ſacrific'd,
I might have ſav'd my Bacon;
And that their Fall might have ſuffic'd,
But find my ſelf miſtaken;
They hunt no more on a wrong Scent,
'Gainſt me now all their Fury's bent,
With a *Fa, la*, &c.

VII. Curs'd

VII.

Curs'd may that luckleſs Veſſel be,
That brought MUNDUNGUS o'er;
Accurs'd the fatal Day that he
Was landed ſafe on Shore;
Curs'd may all ſuch Projectors be,
I'm ſure they have quite ruin'd me,
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

VIII.

Fitz Drug too, that *ill-favour'd Elf,*
Who firſt the *Scheme* did ſtart,
By *Inland Duties* to raiſe Pelf,
May he meet his Deſert:
E're I his luckleſs Face did ſee,
Wou'd he'd been hang'd on *Tyburn Tree,*
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

IX.

At Night when down I lie to reſt,
My Senſes to compoſe;
A thouſand Fears perplex my Breaſt,
And baniſh ſoft Repoſe:
Nay ev'n inDreams I'm plagu'd eachHour,
With A---s, Sc--ff--lds, and the T---r,
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

X.

Ah! woe is me, my wretched Fate!
That cou'd not reſt when well;
I ſee my Folly now too late,
My Anguiſh none can tell;
Abroad, at Home, be where I will,
A guilty Conſcience haunts me ſtill,
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

XI. No

XI.

No more ſhall I in S-n--ts ſhine,
And carry all before me;
Nor, when the Staff's no longer mine,
Will *fawning Crowds* adore me;
Like a *fierce Monſter* ſhall I fall,
Unpitied, and *abhorr'd* by *All*,
With a *Fa, la*, &c.

XII.

Juſt as a Meteor, rais'd from Earth,
Up to the Heav'ns does ſoar,
So I, from an ignoble Birth,
Have ris'n to envied Pow'r;
Did I riſe to that envied State,
Only to make my Fall more great?
With a *Fa, la*, &c.

XIII.

Whilſt *E--l--n, B-rn-rd, P--y, S-nds*,
Within Doors hunt me down,
The Populace, in num'rous Bands,
To a ſtrange Height are grown;
Into the Flames my Effigies fling,
So wou'd they me, but for the K--g,
With a *Fa, la*, &c.

XIV.

Ev'n thoſe few Friends, who ſtill adhere
To me, and take my Part,
From them do daily Inſults fear,
Which grieves me to the Heart;
For me, ſo much their Rage I dread,
I ſcarcely dare peep out my Head,
With a *Fa, la, &c.*

XV. Like

XV.

Like *Job* I wander to and fro,
Seek Eaſe, but none can find;
Even my *Rib* ſcoffs at my Woe,
And 'gainſt me is combin'd;
Skyriſſa too, that lovely Fair,
Abandons me now to Deſpair,
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

XVI.

How wretched's the ambitious Wight,
Whom Luſt of Power ſways!
But yet more woeful is his Plight,
On him if Av'rice preys:
Had not thoſe Paſſions ſway'd my Breaſt,
My Mind might now have been at reſt,
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

XVII.

Thoſe Paſſions dire to ſatisfy,
I ſpar'd for no *Oppreſſion*;
With Taxes drain'd the People dry,
And multiply'd Tranſgreſſion:
No *Rank*, nor no *Condition* ſpar'd,
For why, nor *God* nor *Man* I *fear'd*,
With a *Fa, la, &c.*

XVIII.

That I might ſtill go on ſecure,
In plundering the Nation;
A *Standing Force* I did procure,
When there was no Occaſion;
But now, alas! I find too late,
I did but haſten my own Fate,
With a *Fa, la, &c.*

XIX. Be

XIX.

Be warn'd by me you *Stateſmen* all,
Be with your Dues contented;
Leſt you ſhou'd like Sir *Marral* * fall,
Unpitied, unlamented.
For tho' the *Britons* long will bear,
You'll find they *Wooden Shoes* won't wear,
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

* Sir *Marral* and Sir *B--he S--ng* is the ſame Perſon.

F I N I S.

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